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# THE PASSION SERMON,

PREACHED AT PAVLES CROSSE on Good-Friday. *Apr.* 14. 1609.

By *I. H.*

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LONDON
Printed by *W. S.* for *Samuell Macham*, and are to be sold at his Shop in Pauls Church-yard at the Signe of the Bull-head.

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TO THE ONELY
HONOVR AND GLO-
RIE OF GOD MY DEARE
AND *BLESSED SAVIOVR*
(WHICH HATH DONE AND
SVFFERED ALL THESE
THINGES FOR MY
SOVLE.)

HIS WEAKE AND VN-
*WORTHIE SERVANT HVM-*
BLIE DESIRES TO CONSE-
*CRATE HIMSELFE* AND *HIS*
POORE LABOVRS: BESEECHING
HIM TO ACCEPT AND BLESSE
THEM TO THE PVBLIKE
GOOD, AND TO THE
PRAISE OF HIS OVVNE
GLORIOVS
NAME.



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# To the Reader.

I Desire not to make any Apologie for the Edition of this my Sermon: It is motiue enough, that herein I affect a more publike and more induring good. Spirituall niceneſſe, is the next degree to vnfaithfulneſſe: This point cannot be too much vrged, eyther by the tongue, or preſſe. Religion and our ſoules depend vpon it, yet are our thoughts too much beſide it. The Church of Rome, ſo fixes her ſelfe (in her adoration) vpon the Croſſe of Chriſt, as if ſhee forgat his glory: Many of vs ſo conceiue of him glorious, that we neglect the meditation of his Croſſe, the way to his glory and ours. If we would proceede aright, wee muſt paſſe from his Golgotha, to the mount of Oliues, and from thence to heauen, and there ſeeke and ſettle our reſt. According to



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*my weake ability, I haue led this way in my ſpeech, beſeeching my Readers to follow mee with their hearts, that we may ouertake him which is entred into the true ſanctuarie, euen the higheſt heauens, to appeare now in the ſight of God for vs.*

THE

# THE PASSION SERMON.

IOHN. 19. VERSE 30.

*When Iesus therefore had receiued the Vineger, he said*; It is finished: *and bowing the head, he gaue vp the ghost.*

THE bitter and yet victorious Passion of the Sonne of GOD (right Honourable and beloued Christians) as it was the strangest thing that euer befell the earth: So, is both of most soueraigne vse, and lookes for the most frequent and carefull meditation. It is one of those thinges, which was once done

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done, that it might be thought of for euer. Euery day therefore must be the Good-friday of a Christian: who, with that great Doctor of the Gentiles, must desire to know nothing but Iesus Christ, and him crucified.

There is no branch or circumstance in this wonderful businesse, which yeeldes not infinite matter of discourse. According to the solemnity of this time and place, I haue chosen to commend vnto your Christian attention, our Sauiours Farewell to Nature (for his reuiuing was aboue it) in his last word, in his last act. His last word, *It is finished*, his last act, *Hee gaue vp the ghost*: That which hee said, hee did. If there be any theam that may challenge and command our eares and hearts, this is it; for, beholde; the

the ſweeteſt word that euer Chriſt ſpake, and the moſt meritorious act that euer hee did, are met together in this his laſt breath. In the one yee ſhall ſee him triun phing; yeelding in the other, yet ſo as hee ouercomes. Imagine therefore, that you ſaw Chriſt eſus, in this day of his paſsion (who is euery day here crucified before your eyes) aduanced vpon the chariot of his Croſſe, and now, after a weary conflict, cheerefully ouerlooking the deſpight and ſhame of men, the wrath of his Father, the law, ſinne, death, hell; which all lie gaſping at his foote: and then you ſhall conceiue, with what ſpirite hee ſaith, *Conſummatum eſt, It is finiſhed.* What is finiſhed? Shortly; All the propheſies, that were of him; All legall obſeruations, that prefigured him; his own ſuffe-

ſufferings; Our ſaluation. The propheſies are accompliſht, the ceremonies aboliſht, his ſufferings ended, our ſaluation wrought: theſe foure heades ſhall limit this firſt part of my ſpeech, onely let them find and leaue you attentiue.

Euen this very word is propheſied of; *All things that are written of me haue an end*, ſaith Chriſt. What end? this, *It is finiſhed*: this very end hath his end here. What therefore is finiſhed? not this prediction only of his laſt draught, as *Auguſtine*, that were too particular. Let our Saiour himſelfe ſay, *All things that are written of mee by the Prophets*. It is a ſure and conuertible rule; Nothing was done by Chriſt, which was not foretolde, nothing was euer foretolde by the Prophets of Chriſt, which was not done. It would take vp a life

life to compare the Prophets and Euangelists, the predictions and the history, & largely to discourse how the one foretels, and the other aunsweres; let it suffice to look at them running. Of all the Euangelists, S. *Mathew* hath beene most studious, in making these references and correspondences; with whom, the burden or vndersong of euery euent, is still (*vt impleretur*) *That it might bee fulfilled.* Thus hath hee noted (if I haue reckoned them aright) two and thirty seuerall prophesies concerning Christ, fulfilled in his birth, life, death.

Esay

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|---|---|---|---|
| Eſay 7. 14. | Mat. 1. 23. | Zach. 9. 9. | Mat. *Ibidem.* |
| Mich. 5. 2. | Mat. 2. 6. | Iere. 7. 11. | Mat. 21. 13. |
| Eſay. 11. 1. | Mat 2. 15. | Pſalm. 8. 2. | Mat. 21. 16. |
| Ier. 31. 15. | Mat. 2. 18. | Eſay. 5. 8. | Mat. 21. 33. |
| Iudg. 13. 5. | Mat. 2. *vlt.* | Pſal. 118. 22. | Mat. 21. 44. |
| Eſa. 40. 3. | Mat. 3. 2. | Pſal. 110. 1. | Mat. 22. 44. |
| Eſay 9. 1. | Mat. 4. 15. | Eſay. 8. 14. | Mat. 21. 44. |
| Leu. 14. 4. | Mat. 8. 4. | Pſal. 41. 9. | Mat. 26. 31. |
| Eſay 53. 4. | Mat. 8. 17. | Eſay. 53. 10. | Mat. 26. 54. |
| Eſay 61. 1. | Mat. 11. 4. | Zach. 13. 7. | Mat. 26. 31. |
| Eſay 42. 1. | Mat. 12. 17. | Lam. 4. 20. | Mat. 26. 56. |
| Iona. 1. 17. | Mat. 12. 40. | Eſay. 50. 6. | Mat. 26. 67. |
| Eſay 6. 9. | Mat. 13. 14. | Zac. 11. 13. | Mat. 27. 9. |
| Pſal. 78. 2. | Mat. 13. 35. | Pſal. 22. 18. | Mat. 27. 35. |
| Eſ. 35. 5. 6. | Mat. 15. 30. | Pſal. 22. 2. | Mat. 27. 46. |
| Eſ. 62. 11. | Mat. 21. 5. | Pſal. 69. 22. | Mat. 27. 48. |

To which Saint *Iohn* adds many more. Our ſpeech muſt be directed to his Paſsion; omitting the reſt, let vs inſiſt in thoſe.

He muſt bee apprehended: it was fore-propheſied; *The Annointed of the Lord was taken in their nets*, ſayeth *Ieremie*: but how? he muſt be ſold: for what? thirty ſiluer peeces, and what muſt thoſe doe? buy a fielde, all foretolde; *And they tooke thirty ſil-*

*uer*

*uer peeces, the price of him that was valued, and gaue them for the Potters field,* saith *Zacharie* (miswritten Ieremy, by one letter mistaken in the abbreuiation,) by whom? *that childe of perdition, that the Scripture might bee fulfilled.* Which was hee? It is foretold; *He that eateth bread with mee,* saith the Psalmist. And what shall his Disciples doe? Runne away, so saith the propheſie: *I will smite the shepheard, and the sheepe shall bee scattered,* saith *Zacharie.* What shall be done to him? hee must be scourged and spit vpon: behold, not those filthy excrements could haue light vpon his sacred face, without a propheſie; I *hid not my face from shame and spitting,* saith *Esay.* what shall be the issue? In short, hee shall bee led to death: it is the propheſie, *the Messias shall be slaine,* saith *Daniel:*

what

what death? hee muſt bee lift vp. *Like as Moſes lift vp the Serpent in the wilderneſſe, ſo ſhall the ſonne of man be lift vp.* *Chryſoſtome* ſaith well, that ſome actions are parables; ſo may I ſay, ſome actions are propheſies, ſuch are all types of Chriſt, and this with the formoſt. Lift vp, whither? to the Croſſe, it is the propheſie, *hanging vpon a tree*, ſaith *Moſes*, how lift vp? nayled to it, ſo is the propheſie, *foderunt manus*, *they haue pierced my hands and my feet*, ſayth the Pſalmiſt: with what company? two theeues, *with the wicked was hee numbred*, ſayth *Eſay*: where? *without the gates* ſaith the propheſie: what becomes of his garments? they cannot ſo much as caſt the dice for his coate, but it is propheſied, *They diuided my garments, and on my veſtures caſt lots*, ſaith the Pſalmiſt: hee muſt die then on the Croſſe,

κρεμάμενος ἐπι ξύλου.

Croſſe, but how? voluntarily. *Not a bone of him ſhall be broken*: what hinders it? loe, there he hangs, as it were neglected, and at mercy, yet all the raging Iewes, no, all the Diuels in hell cannot ſtirre one bone in his bleſſed body: It was propheſied in the Eaſter-Lambe, and it muſt be fulfilled in him, that is the true Paſſeouer, in ſpight of fiendes and men: how then? he muſt be thruſt in the ſide: behold not the very ſpeare could touch his pretious ſide being dead, but it muſt bee guided by a propheſie; *They ſhall ſee him whome they haue thruſt thorough*, ſaith *Zacharie*: what ſhall he ſay the while? not his very words but are foreſpoken: his complaint, *Eli Eli lamma ſabactani*, as the Chalde, or עזבתני as the Hebrew, Pſalme 22. 2. his reſignation: *In manus tuas, Into thy handes I*

*commend my ſpirit*, Pſalme 31. 5. His requeſt, *Father forgiue them*: *Hee prayed for the tranſgreſſors*, ſayth *Eſay*. And now when he ſaw al theſe propheſies were fulfilled, knowing that one remained, he ſaid, *I thirſt*, *Domine, quid ſitis?* ſaith one, O LORD, what thirſteſt thou for? A ſtrange hearing, that a man, yea that GOD and MAN dying ſhould complaine of thirſt.

Could he endure the ſcorching flames of the wrath of his Father, the curſe of our ſins, thoſe tortures of body, thoſe horrours of ſoule, & doth he ſhrinke at his thirſt? no, no: he could haue borne his drought, he could not beare the Scripture not fulfilled. It was not neceſsity of nature, but the neceſsity of his Fathers decree, that drew forth this word, *I thirſt*. They offered it before, hee refuſed

fused it: whether it were an ordinarie potion for the condemned to hastē death (as in the story of *M. Anthonie*) which is the most receiued construction, or whether it were that Iewish potion, whereof the Rabbines speake; whose tradition was, that the malefactor to bee executed, should after some good counsell from two of their Teachers, be taught to say; *Let my death bee to the remission of all my sinnes*; and then, that hee should haue giuen him a boule of mixt wine, with a graine of Frankincense, to bereaue him both of reason and paine.

*Sit mors mea in remissionem omnium iniquitatum mearum.*

*Vt vsus rationis tollatur.*

I durst be confident in this latter, the rather for that Saint *Marke* calls this draught, οἶνον ἐσμυρνισμένον, Myrrhe wine, mingled (as is like) with other ingredients. And *Montanus* agrees with me in the end, *ad stuporē*

*& mentis alienationem*; A fashion which *Galatine* obserues out of the Sannedrim, to bee grounded vpon Prouerbs, 31. 6. *Giue strong drinke to him that is readie to perish*, I leaue it modestly in the middest; let the learneder iudge. whatsoeuer it were, hee would not die till hee had complained of thirst, and in his thirst tasted it: Neither would hee haue thirsted for, or tasted any but this bitter draught; that the Scripture might bee fulfilled; *They gaue me vineger to drinke*: And loe, now *Consūmatum est; all is finished*.

If there bee any Iew amongst you, that like one of *Iohns* vnseasonable Disciples, shall aske, *Art thou hee, or shall wee looke for another?* Hee hath his aunswere; yee men of Israel, why stand you gazing and gaping for another Messias?

ſias? In this alone, all the Propheſies are finiſhed; and of him alone, all was propheſied, that was finiſhed. *Paules* old rule holdes ſtill. *To the Iewes a ſtumbling blocke*; and that more auncient Curſe of *Dauid*, *Let their table bee made a ſnare*; And *Steuens* two brands ſticks ſtill in the fleſh of theſe wretched men: One in their necke, *ſtiffe-necked*, the other in their heart; *Vncircumciſed*; the one, *Obſtinacie*, the other *Vnbeliefe*: ſtiffe neckes indeede, that will not ſtoope and relent with the yoke of ſixeteen hundred yeares iudgement and ſeruility; vncircumciſed hearts, the fi'me of whoſe vnbeliefe, would not be cut off with ſo infinit conuictions. Oh mad & miſerable nation: let them ſhew vs one propheſie that is not fulfilled, let them ſhew vs one other

σκληροτράχηλοι.

ἀπερίτμητοι

in whome all the propheſies can be fulfilled, and wee will mixe pitty with our hate: If they cannot, and yet reſiſt; their doome is paſt; *Thoſe mine enemies, that would not haue me to raigne ouer them, bring them hither, & ſlay them before me.* So let thine enemies periſh, O Lord.

But what goe I ſo farre? euen amongſt vs (to our ſhame) this riotous age hath bred a monſtrous generation (I pray God I be not now in ſome of your boſoms, that heare me this day) compounded, much like to the Turkiſh Religion, of one part, Chriſtian; another, Iew; a third, worldling, a fourth, Atheiſt: a Chriſtians face; a Iewes heart, a worldlings life; and therefore *Atheous* in the whole; that acknowledge a God, and know him not; that profeſſe a Chriſt, but doubt of him;

*Aug. ad Hie. Dum volunt & Iudæi eſſe & Chriſtiani, nec Iudæi ſunt, nec chriſtiani.*

yea

yea, belieue him not: The foole hath ſaid in his heart, there is no Chriſt. What ſhall I ſay of theſe men? they are worſe then Deuils: that yeelding euill ſpirite, could ſay, *Ieſus I know*: and theſe miſcreants are ſtill in the old tune of that tempting Deuil; *Si tu es filius Dei, if thou be the Chriſt:* Oh God that after ſo cleare a Goſpell, ſo many miraculous confirmations, ſo many thouſand martyrdomes, ſo many glorious victories of truth, ſo many open confeſsions of Angels, men, diuels, friendes, enemies; ſuch conſpirations of heauen and earth, ſuch vniuerſall conteſtations of all ages and people, there ſhould bee left any ſparke of this damnable infidelitie in the falſe harts of men. Behold then, yee deſpiſers, & wonder, and vaniſh away: whome haue

all the Prophets fore-told? or what haue the propheſies of ſo many hundreds, yea thouſands of yeeres foreſaid, that is not with this word finiſhed? who could foretell theſe thinges, but the ſpirite of God? who could accompliſh them, but the Sonne of God? *Hee ſpake by the mouth of his holy Prophets*, ſaith *Zacharie*: hee hath ſpoken, and he hath done; one true God in both: none other ſpirit could foreſay theſe things ſhould be done, none other power could doe theſe things, thus fore-ſhewed: this word therefore, can fit none but the mouth of God our Sauiour, *It is finiſhed.* Wee know whome wee haue beleeued; *Thou art the Chriſt the Sonne of the liuing GOD.* Let him that loues not the Lord Ieſus, bee accurſed to the death.

Thus

Thus the propheſies are finiſhed: Of the legall obſeruations, with more breuity. *Chriſt is the end of the Law*: what law? Ceremoniall, Morall. Of the Morall, it was kept perfectly by himſelfe, ſatisfied fully for vs: Of the Ceremoniall, it was referred to him, obſerued of him, fulfilled in him, aboliſht by him. There were nothing more eaſie, then to ſhew you how all theſe Iewiſh Ceremonies lookt at Chriſt, how Circumciſion, Paſſeouer, the Tabernacle, both outer and inner, the Temple, the Lauer, both the Altars, the tables of Shew-bread, the Candleſtickes, the Vaile, the Holy of holies, the Arke, the Propitiatory, the potte of Manna, *Aarons* rod, the high Prieſt, his order and line, his habites, his inaugurations, his waſhings, annointings, ſprink-

θυμιατήριον. θυσιαστήριον.

ſprincklings, offerings, the ſacrifices, ἱλαστικα, εὐχαριστικα, and what euer Iewiſh rite; had their vertue from Chriſt, relation to him, and their end in him. This was then their laſt gaſpe; for, now ſtraight they dyed with Chriſt, now the vayle of the Temple rent: As *Auſten* well notes out of *Mathewes* order; It tore then, when Chriſts laſt breath paſſed: That conceit of *Theophilact* is witty; that as the Iewes were wont to rend their garments, when they heard blaſphemie: ſo the Temple not enduring theſe execrable blaſphemies againſt the Sonne of God, tore his vaile in peeces. But that is not all, the vaile rent, is the obligation of the rituall law cancelled; the way into the heauenly Sanctuarie opened; the ſhadow giuing roome to the ſubſtance: in a word, it dooth that

*Ex quo apparet, tunc ſciſſum eſſe, cum Chriſtus emiſit ſpiritũ.*

that which Christ saith; *Consummatum est.* Euen now then the law of ceremonies died: It had a long & solemne buriall, as *Augustine* sayeth well; perhaps figured in *Moses*, who died not lingringly, but was thirtie dayes mourned for: what meanes the Church of Rome to dig them vp, now rotten in their graues? & that, not as if they had been buried, but sown, with a plenteous increase; yea, with the inuerted vsurie of too many of you Citizens; ten for one. It is a graue and deep censure of that resolute *Hierome*; *Ego è contrario loquar. &c. I say*, saith he, *and in spite of all the world dare maintaine, that now the Iewish ceremonies are pernitious and deadly, and whosoeuer shall obserue them, whether he be Iew or Gentile*, in barathrum Diaboli deuolutum; *shal frie in hell for it.* Still Altars? Still Priests?

*Ceremoniæ sicut defunctа corpora necessariorũ officijs deducenda erant ad sepulturam, non simulatè, sed religiosè, nec deserenda continuò. Augustin.*

*Ego è contrario loquar, & reclamante mundo liberâ voce pronũciem, ceremonias Iudæorũ pernicioſas esse, et mortiferas, & quicunq; eas obseruauerit, siue ex Iudæis siue ex Gentibus, in barathrum diaboli deuolutum. Hier.*

Prieſtes? ſacrifices ſtill? ſtill waſhings? ſtill vnctions? ſprinkling, ſhauing, purifying? ſtill all, and more then all? Let them heare but *Auguſtines* cenſure, *Quiſquis nunc &c. Whoſoeuer ſhall now vſe them, as it were, raking them vp out of their duſt; he ſhal not be* Pius deductor corporis, ſed impius ſepulturæ violator; *an impious and ſacrilegious wretch, that ran ſackes the quiet tombes of the dead.*

*Quiſquis nunc ea celebrare voluerit, tanquam ſopitos cineres eruens, non erit pius, &c.*

I ſay not that all Ceremonies are dead; but the Law of Ceremonies, and of Iewiſh. It is a ſound diſtinction of them, that profound *Peter Martyr* hath in his Epiſtle, to that worthy Martyr, Father, Biſhop *Hooper*: Some are typicall, foreſignifying Chriſt to come: ſome, of order and decencie. Thoſe are abrogated, not theſe: the Iewes had a faſhion of propheſying in

the

the Churches; ſo the Chriſtians from them, as *Ambroſe*: the Iewes had an eminent pulpit of wood; ſo wee: they gaue names at their Circumciſion; ſo wee at Baptiſme: they ſung Pſalmes melodiouſly in Churches, ſo doe wee, they paide and receiued tithes, ſo do we, they wrapt their dead in linnen, with odors; ſo we; the Iewes had ſureties at their admiſsion into the church; ſo we: theſe Inſtances might be infinite; the Spouſe of Chriſt cannot be without her laces, and chaines, and borders. Chriſt came not to diſſolue order. But thou Lorde, how long? how long ſhall thy poore Church find her ornamentes, her ſorrows? and ſee the deare ſonnes of her wombe, bleeding about theſe apples of ſtrife, let me ſo name them not for their value (euē ſmall things, when

when they are commaunded, looke for no ſmall reſpect) but for their euent: the enemy is at the gates of our Syracuſe; how long will wee ſuffer our ſelues, taken vp with angles and circles in the duſt: yee men brethren, & fathers, helpe; for Gods ſake put to your hands, to the quenching of this common flame: the one ſide by humility & obedience; the other, by compaſsion; both by prayers and teares: who am I, that I ſhould reuiue to you the ſweete ſpirit of that diuine *Auguſtine*, who when he heard and ſaw the bitter contentions betwixt two graue & famous Diuines, *Jerome* and *Ruffine*; *Heu mihi*, ſaith he, *qui vos alicubi ſimul inuenire non poſſum*, *Alas that I ſhould neuer find you two together, how I would fall at your feete, how I would embrace them and weepe vpon*

them,

*them, and beseech you, eyther of you for other, and each for himselfe, both of you for the Church of God, but especially, for the weake, for whome Christ died, who not without their owne great danger, see you two fighting in this Theater of the world.* Yet let me do what he said hee wonld doe; begge for peace, as for life: by your filiall piety to the Church of GOD, whose ruines follow vpon our diuisions; by your loue of Gods truth, by the graces of that one blessed Spirite, whereby we are all enformed and quickened, by the pretious bloud of that sonne of God, which this day, and this howre, was shed for our redemption, bee enclined to peace & loue, & though our brains bee different, yet let our hearts bee one. It was, as I heard, the dying speech of our late reuerend, worthy and

and gracious *Dioceſan*; *Modo me moriente viuat ac floreat Eccleſia*; *Oh, yet if, when I am dead, the Church may liue and flouriſh.*

What a ſpirit was here? what a ſpeech? how worthy neuer to die? how worthy of a ſoule ſo neere to his heauen? how worthie of ſo happie a ſucceſsion? Yee whome God hath made inheritors of this bleſſed care, who do no leſſe long for the proſperity of Siõ, liue you to effect, what he did but liue to wiſh; all peace with our ſelues, and warre with none but Rome and Hell. And if there bee any wey ward Seperatiſt, whoſe ſoule profeſſeth to hate peace; I feare to tell him *Pauls* meſſage, yet I muſt: Would to God thoſe were cut off that trouble you. How cut off? As good *Theodoſius* ſaide to *Demophilus*, a contentious

Pre-

Prelate; *Si tu pacem fugis, &c. If thou flie peace, I will make thee flie the Church.* Alas, they doe flie it: that which ſhould be their puniſhment, they make their contentment, how are they worthy of pitty? As *Optatus* of his Donatiſts; they are Brethren, might be companions, and will not. Oh wilfull men; whither do they runne? from one Chriſt to another? Is Chriſt diuided? wee haue him, thanks be to our good God, and we heare him dayly; and whither ſhall wee goe from thee? thou haſt the wordes of eternall life.

*Si tu pacem fugis, ego te ab Eccleſia fugere mando.*

Thus the Ceremonies are *finiſhed*,: now heare the end of his ſufferings, with like patience and deuotion: his death is here included; it was ſo neare, that he ſpake of it as done; and when it was done,

all was done. How eaſie is it to loſe our ſelues in this diſcourſe: how hard, not to be ouerwhelmed with matter of wonder; and to find eyther beginning or end: his ſufferings found an end, our thoughts cannot. Lo, with this word, hee is happily waded out of thoſe deepes of ſorrowes, whereof our conceites can finde no bottome: yet let vs with *Peter*, gird our coat, and caſt our ſelues a little into this ſea.

All his life was but a perpetuall Paſsion: In that hee became man, hee ſuffered more then wee can doe, eyther while wee are men, or when we ceaſe to be men; hee humbled, yea, he emptied himſelfe. Wee, when wee ceaſe to bee here, are cloathed vpon. 2. Cor. 5. Wee both winne by our being, and gaine

ἐταπείνωσε. ἐκένωσε.

gaine by our losse; hee lost, by taking our more or lesse to himselfe, that is, manhood. For, though euer as God, *I and my Father are one:* yet as man, *My Father is greater then I.* That man should bee turned into a beast, into a worme, into dust, into nothing; is not so great a disparagement, as that GOD should become man: and yet it is not finished; it is but begunne. But what man? If, as the absolute Monarch of the worlde, hee had commaunded the vassalage of all Emperours and Princes, and had trod on nothing but Crowns and Scepters, and the necks of Kinges, and bidden all the Potentates of the earth to attend his traine; this had carried some port with it; sutable to the heroicall Maiesty of Gods Sonne. No such matter, here

is neither Forme nor Beautie; vnleſſe perhappes (μορφη δουλου) the forme of a ſeruant: you haue made me to ſerue, with your ſinnes. Behold, he is a man to God; a ſeruant to man; and, be it ſpoken with holy reuerence, a drudge to his ſeruantes. Hee is deſpiſed and reiected of men; yea (as himſelfe, of himſelfe) a worme, and no man, the ſhame of men, and contempt of the people. *Who is the King of glory? the Lord of hoaſtes, he is the King of glory.* Set theſe two together; the King of glory; the ſhame of men: the more honour, the more abaſement. Looke backe to his Cradle, there you find him reiected of the Bethlemites; borne and laid, alas, how homely, how vnworthily; ſought for by *Herod*, exiled to Ægypt, obſcurely brought vppe in the Cottage of a poore

Pſal. 24. 10.

Foſter

Foſter-Father, tranſported and tempted by Sathan, derided of his kindred, blaſphemouſly traduced by the Iewes, pinched with hunger, reſtleſſe, harbourleſſe, ſorrowfull, perſecuted by the Elders, and Phariſies, ſolde by his owne ſeruant, apprehended, arraigned, ſcourged, condemned, and yet it is not finiſhed. Let vs, with that Diſciple, follow him a far off; and paſsing ouer all his contemptuous vſage in the way, ſee him brought to his Croſſe. Still the further wee looke, the more wonder: euery thing addes to this ignominie of ſuffering, & triumph of ouercomming: where was it? not in a corner, as *Paul* ſaith to *Feſtus*, but in Ieruſalem, the eye, the heart of the world. Obſcurity abateth ſhame: publique notice heigh-

ἐν γωνίᾳ. Act. 26. 27.

tensit: *Before all Israel and before this Sunne*, saith GOD to *Dauid*, when he would throughly shame him: In Ierusalem, which he had honoured with his presence; taught with his preachings, astonisht with his miracles, bewailed with his teares; *O Ierusalem, Ierusalem, how oft would I, and thou wouldest not: O yet, if in this thy day.* Cruelty and vnkindnesse, after good desert, afflict so much more, as our merite hath beene greater. Where abouts? without the gates: in Caluary, among the stinking bones of execrable Malefactors. Before, the glory of the place, bred shame, now the vilenesse of it. When? but in the Passeouer; a time of greatest frequence, and concourse of all Iewes and Proselites: An holy time, when they should receiue the figure, they reiect the substance:

when

when they ſhould kill and eate the Sacramentall Lambe, in faith, in thankefulneſſe, they kill the Lambe of GOD, our true Paſſeouer, in cruelty and contempt. With whome? The quality of our company, either increaſes or leſſens ſhame. In the midſt of thieues (ſaith one) as the Prince of thieues: there was no guile in his mouth, much leſſe in his handes: yet beholde hee that thought it no robbery to be equal with God, is made equall to robbers and murderers; yea ſuperiour in euil. What ſuffered hee? As all liues are not alike pleaſant, ſo all deathes are not equally fearefull: there is not more difference betwixt ſome life and death, then betwixt one death and another. See the Apoſtles gradation? *Hee was made obedient to the death, euen the death of*

& *In medio latronum tanquam latronum immaniſſimus. Luther.*

*the Croſſe.* The Croſſe, a lingring, tormenting, ignominious death. The Iewes had foure kinds of death for malefactors; the towell, the ſword, fire, ſtones; each of theſe aboue other in extremity. Strangling with the towel, they accounted eaſieſt: the ſword worſe then the towell; the fire worſe then the ſword: ſtoning worſe then the fire, but this Romaine death was worſt of all. *Curſed is euery one that hangeth on Tree.* Yet (as *Ierome* well) hee is not therefore accurſed, becauſe hee hangeth; but therefore he hangeth, becauſe he is accurſed. *Hee was made* (κατάρα) *a Curſe for vs.* The curſe was more then the ſhame: yet the ſhame is vnſpeakable; and yet not more then the paine. Yet all that die the ſame death, are not equally miſerable: the very thieues fared

fared better in their death then he. I heare of no irriſion, no inſcription, no taunts, no inſultation on them: they had nothing but paine to incounter, he paine and ſcorne. An ingenuous and Noble nature, can worſe brooke this then the other; any thing rather then diſdainfulneſſe and deriſion: eſpecially, from a baſe enemy. I remember, that learned Father beginnes *Iſraels* affliction, with *Iſmaels* perſecuting laughter. The Iewes, the Souldiers, yea, the very Thieues flouted him, and triumpht ouer his miſerie; his bloud cannot ſatisfie them, without his reproach. Which of his ſenſes now was not a window to let in ſorrow? his eyes ſaw the teares of his Mother, and friends, the vnthankfull demeanure of Mankinde, the cruell deſpight

ſpight of his enemies, his eares heard the reuilings and blaſphemies of the multitude; and (whether the place were noyſome to his ſent) his touch felt the nayles, his taſt the gall. Looke vp O all ye beholders, looke vpon this pretious body, and ſee what part ye can find free? that head which is adored and trembled at by the Angelicall ſpirits, is all raked and harrowed with thorns: that face, of whome is ſaid; *Thou art fairer then the children of men*, is all beſmeared with the filthy ſpettle of the Iewes, and furrowed with his teares; thoſe eyes, clearer then the Sunne, are darkened with the ſhadow of death; thoſe eares that heare the heauenly conſorts of Angels, now are filled with the curſed ſpeakings & ſcoffes of wretched men: thoſe lips that ſpake as neuer

*Caput Angelicis ſpiritibus tremebundū ſpinis coronatur, &c.*

neuer man ſpake, that commaund the ſpirits both of light and darkeneſſe, are ſcornfully wet with vinegar and gall: thoſe feet that trample on all the powers of hell (*his enemies are made his footſtoole*) are now nayled to the footſtoole of the Croſſe: thoſe hands that freelie ſway the ſcepter of the heauens, now carry the reede of reproach, & are nayled to the tree of reproch: that whole body, which was conceiued by the holy Ghoſt, was all ſcourged, wounded, mangled: This is the outſide of his ſufferings. Was his heart free? Oh no, the inner part or ſoule of this paine, which was vnſeene, is as farre beyond theſe outward and ſenſible, as the ſoule is beyond the body; Gods wrath beyond the malice of men: theſe were but loue-tricks to what his

ſoule

ſoule endured. *O all yee that paſſe by the way, behold and ſee, if there bee any ſorrow like to my ſorrow:* Alas, Lord, what can we ſee of thy ſorrows? we cannot conceiue ſo much as the hainouſnes and deſert of one of thoſe ſinnes, which thou bareſt: wee can no more ſee thy paine, then we could vndergoe it; onely this wee ſee, that what the infinite ſins, of almoſt infinite men, committed againſt an infinite Maieſty, deſerued in infinite continuance; all this thou in the ſhort time of thy paſsion haſt ſuſtained. We may behold and ſee; but all the glorious ſpirites in Heauen, cannot looke into the depth of this ſuffering. Doe but looke yet a little into the paſsions of this his Paſsion: for, by the maner of his ſufferings, we ſhall beſt ſee, what he ſuffered.

VViſe

Wiſe and reſolute men do not complaine of a little; holy Martyrs haue beene racked, and would not bee looſed; what ſhall we ſay, if the author of their ſtrength, God & man, bewray paſsions? what would haue ouerwhelmed men, would not haue made him ſhrinke; and what made him complaine, could neuer haue beene ſuſtained by men: VVhat ſhall we then thinke, if he were affrighted with terrors, perplexed with ſorrowes, and diſtracted with both theſe? And lo, he was all theſe: for, firſt, here was an amazed feare; for millions of men to diſpaire, was not ſo much as for him to feare: and yet it was no ſleight feare: he beganne (ἐκθαμβεῖσθαι) to be aſtoniſhed with terrour. *Which in the dayes of his fleſh, offered vp prayers and ſupplications, with ſtrong cries*

*cries and teares, to him that was able to helpe him, and was heard in that hee feared.* Neuer man was so afraide of the torments of hell, as Christ (standing in our roome) of his fathers wrath. Feare is still sutable to apprehension. Neuer man could so perfectly apprehend this cause of feare; hee felt the chastisements of our peace, yea, the curse of our sins; and therefore might well say with *Dauid, I suffer thy terrours with a troubled mind*; yea, with *Iob, The arrows of God are in mee, and the terrors of God fight against mee.* VVith feare, περίλυπος. there was a deiecting sorow (ἀθυμονία) My soule is on all sides heauy to the death: his strong cries, his many teares are witnesses of this Passion: hee had formerly shed teares of pity, and teares of loue, but now of anguish: he had before sent foorth cries

cries ofmercy;neuer of complaint til now: when the Son of God weeps and cries, what ſhall we ſay or thinke? yet further, betwixt both theſe and his loue, what a conflict was there? It is not amiſſe diſtinguiſhed, that he was alwayes *in Agone*; but now in ἀγωνία, in a ſtrugling paſsion of mixed griefe. Behold, this field was not without ſweate and bloud; yea a ſweate of bloud. Oh what man or Angell can conceiue the taking of that heart, that without all outward violence, meerely, out of the extremity of his owne Paſsion, bled (thorough the fleſh and skinne) not ſome faint dew, but ſolid droppes of bloud? No thornes, no nailes, fetcht bloud from him, with ſo much paine as his own thoughts: he ſaw the fierce wrath of his Father, and therefore feared,

feared: he ſaw the heauy burden of our ſinnes to bee vndertaken; and thereupon, beſides feare, iuſtly grieued; hee ſaw the neceſsity of our eternall damnation, if hee ſuffered not: if he did ſuffer, of our redemption, and therefore his loue incountered both griefe and feare. In it ſelfe, hee would not drinke of that cuppe: in reſpect of our good, and his decree, he would and did; and while he thus ſtriueth, hee ſweates and bleedes. There was neuer ſuch a combat, neuer ſuch a bloudſhed, and yet it is not finiſhed; I dare not ſay with ſome Schoole-men, that the ſorrow of his Paſsion, was not ſo great as the ſorrow of his compaſsion: yet that was ſurely exceeding great. To ſee the vngratious careleſneſſe of mankind, the ſlender fruit of his ſufferings, the ſorrowes

of

of his mother, Diſciples, friends; to foreſee from the watch-tower of his Croſſe, the future temptations of his children, deſolations of his Church; all theſe muſt needs ſtrike deepe into a tender heart. Theſe hee ſtill ſees and pitties, but without paſsion; then he ſuffered in ſeeing them.

Can we yet ſay any more? Loe, al theſe ſufferings are aggrauated by his fulnes of knowledge, and want of comfort: for, he did not ſhut his eyes, as one ſaith, when he drunke this cuppe: he ſaw how dreggiſh, and knew how bitter it was. Sodaine euils afflict, if not leſſe, ſhorter. He foreſaw, and foreſaid euery particular he ſhould ſuffer: ſo long as he foreſaw, he ſuffered: the expectation of euill, is not leſſe then the ſenſe: to looke long for good,

is a puniſhment; but for euill is a torment. No paſsion works vpon an vnknown obiect: as no loue, ſo no feare is of what we know not. Hence men feare not hell, becauſe they foreſee it not: if we could ſee that pit opē before we come at it, it would make vs tremble at our ſins, and our knees to knocke together, as *Baltazars*, and perhaps, without faith, to run mad at the horror of iudgement. He ſaw the burden of all particular ſinnes to be laid vpon him; euery dramme of his fathers wrath, was meaſured out to him, ere he toucht this potion; this cup was full, and hee knew that it muſt bee wringd, not a drop left: it muſt bee finiſhed. Oh yet, if as he foreſaw all his ſorrows, ſo he could haue ſeene ſome mixture of refreſhing. *But I found none to comfort me, no, none to pi-*

*tie*

*tie me.* And yet it is a poore comfort that ariſes from pitty. Euen ſo, O Lord, thou treadeſt this wine-preſſe alone; none to accompany, none to aſsiſt thee. I remember, *Ruffinus* in his Eccleſiaſticall ſtorie reports, that one *Theodorus* a Martyr, tolde him, that when he was hanging ten howres vpon the racke for religion, vnder *Iulians* perſecution, his ioyntes diſtended and diſtorted, his body exquiſitely tortured with change of Executioners; ſo as neuer age (ſayth hee) could remember the like: hee felt no paine at all, but continued indeede, all the while in the ſight of all men, ſinging and ſmiling: for there ſtood a comely young man by him on his libbet (an Angell rather, in forme of a man) which with a clean towell, ſtill wipt off his

*Vt nulla vnquam ætas ſimilem meminerit.*

ſweat, and powred coole water vpon his racked limbs: wherewith he was ſo refreſhed, that it grieued him to bee let downe. Euen the greateſt t orments are eaſie, when they haue anſwerable comforts: but a wounded and comfortleſſe ſpirit, who can beare? If yet but the ſame Meſſenger of GOD, might haue attended his Croſſe, that appeared in his agony; and might haue giuen eaſe to their Lord, as hee did to his ſeruant. And yet, what can the Angels helpe, where God will ſmite? Againſt the violence of men, againſt the fury of Sathan, they haue preuailed in the Cauſe of GOD, for men: they dare not, they cannot comfort, where God will afflict. VVhen our Sauiour had bin wreſtling with Sathan in the end of his Lent, then they appeared to him,

and

and ſerued; but now, while about the ſame time, he is wreſtling with the wrath of his Father for vs, not an Angell dare bee ſeene, to looke out of the windowes of heauen to relieue him; for men, much leſſe could they, if they would; but what did they? Miſerable comforters are yee all: the Souldiers, they ſtript him, ſcorned him with his purple, crowne, reede, ſpat on him, ſmote him; the paſſengers, they reuiled him, and inſulting, wagging their heads and hands at him; *Hey, thou that deſtroyeſt the Temple, come downe, &c* The Elders and Scribes; alas, they haue bought his bloud, ſuborned witneſſes, incenſed *Pilate* preferred *Barabbas*, vndertooke the guilte of his death, cryed out, *Crucifie, crucifie: Ho, thou that ſauedſt others.* His Diſciples, alas: they forſooke him, one

of them forſweares him; another runs away naked, rather then hee will ſtay and confeſſe him. His mother and other friendes: they looke on indeed, and ſorrow with him; but to his diſcomfort. Where the griefe is extreame, and reſpectes neere, partnerſhip doth but increaſe ſorrow. *Paul* chides this loue: *what doe you weeping and breaking my heart?* The teares of thoſe we loue, doe eyther ſlacken out hearts, or wound them. Who then ſhall comfort him? himſelfe? Sometimes our owne thoughts find a way to ſuccour vs, vnknowne to others: no, not himſelfe. Doubtles (as *Aquinas*) the influence of the higher part of the ſoule, was reſtrained from the aid of the inferiour: *My ſoule is filled with euils.* Pſalm. 87. 4. Who then? his Father? here, here; was his

his hope: *If the Lord had not holpen me, my soule had almost dwelt in silence: I and my Father are one.* But now (alas,) he, euen he, deliuers him into the hands of his enemies; when he hath done, turnes his backe vpon him as a stranger; yea, he woundeth him as an enemy. *The Lord would breake him.* Esay, 53. 10. Yet any thing is light to the Soule, whiles the comfortes of God sustaine it: who can dismay, where God will relieue? But here, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken mee?* What a word was here, to come from the mouth of the Sonne of GOD? My Disciples are men, weake and fearefull; No maruell, if they forsake mee. The Iewes are themselues, cruell and obstinate. Men are men, graceless, and vnthankefull. Diuels are according to their

nature, spightfull and malitious. All these doe but their kind; and let them doe it: but thou, O Father, thou that hast said; *This is my welbeloued sonne, in whome I am well pleased*: thou of whome I haue said, *It is my father that glorifies mee*, what? *forsaken me*? Not onely brought me to this shame, smitten me, vnregarded me, but, as it were, forgotten, yea, forsaken me? What, euen me, my Father? How many of thy constant seruants haue suffered heauie things: yet in the multitudes of the sorrowes of their hearts, thy presence and comforts haue refreshed their souls. Hast thou relieued them, and doest thou forsake me? mee, thine onely, deare, naturall, eternall sonne. O yee heauens and earth, how could you stand, whiles the Maker of you thus complained.

Yee

Yee ſtoode; but partaking after a ſort of his Paſsion: the earth trembled and ſhooke, her rockes tore, her graues opened, the heauens withdrew their light, as not daring to behold this ſad and fearefull ſpectacle.

Oh deare Chriſtians, how ſhould theſe earthen and rocky hearts of ours ſhake, and rend in peeces at this Meditation? how ſhould our faces be couered with darkeneſſe, and our ioy be turned into heauineſſe? All theſe voyces and teares, and ſweats, & pangs are for v , yea, from vs. Shall the Sonne of God thus ſmart for our ſinnes, yea with our ſinnes and ſhall not we grieue for our owne? ſhall hee weepe to vs in this Market place, and ſhall not we mourne? Nay, ſhall he ſweat and bleed for vs, and ſhall not we

weepe

weepe for our selues? Shall he thus lamentably shrieke out, vnder his Fathers wrath, and shall not wee tremble? Shall the heauens and earth suffer with him, and we suffer nothing? I call you not to a weake & idle pitty of our glorious Sauiour: to what purpose? His iniurie was our glory. No, no; *Yee daughters of Ierusalem, weepe not for me; but weepe for your selues*: for our sins, that haue done this; not for his sorrow that suffered it: not for his pangs, that were; but for our own, that should haue been, and (if wee repent not) shall be. Oh how grieuous, how deadly are our sinnes, that cost the sonne of God (besides blood) so much torment? how farre are our soules gone, that could not be ransomed with any easier price? that that tooke so much of this infi-

nite

nite Redeemer of men, God and man, how can it chuſe but ſwallow vp and confound thy ſoule, which is but finite and ſinfull? If thy ſoule had been in his ſoules ſtead, what had become of it? it ſhall be, if his were not in ſteade of thine. This weight that lies thus heauy on the Son of God, and wrung from him theſe teares, ſweat, bloud, and theſe vnconceiueable grones of his afflicted ſpirit, how ſhould it chuſe but preſſe downe thy ſoule to the bottome of hell? & ſo it will doe, if he haue not ſuffered it for thee, thou muſt and ſhalt ſuffer it for thy ſelfe. Goe now thou lewde man, and make thy ſelfe merry with thy ſins; laugh at the vncleanenesſes, or bloodineſſe of thy youth: thou little knoweſt the price of a ſinne: thy ſoule ſhall do, thy Sauiour did,

when

when he cryed out, to the amazement of Angels, & horror of men; *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* But now no more of this; *It is finiſhed:* the greater conflict, the more happy victory. Well doth he find and feele of his Father, what his type ſaid before, *He will not chide alwayes, nor keepe his anger for euer.* It is fearefull; but in him, ſhort: eternal to ſinners; ſhort to his Sonne, in whome the Godhead dwelt bodily. Behold; this ſtorme, wherewith all the powers of the world were ſhaken, is now ouer. The Elders, Phariſies, *Iudas*, the ſoldiers, Prieſts, witneſſes, Iudges, thieues, Executioners, diuels, haue all tired themſelues in vaine, with their owne malice; and he triumphs ouer them all, vpon the throne of his Croſſe: his enemies are vanquiſht, his father

ther ſatiſfied, his ſoule with this word at reſt and glory; *It is finiſhed.* Now there is no more betraying, agonies, araignements, ſcourgings, ſcoffing, crucifying, conflicts, terrors; all is finiſhed. Alas beloued, and will we not yet let the ſonne of God be at reſt? do we now againe goe about to fetch him out of his glory, to ſcorne and crucifie him? I feare to ſay it: Gods ſpirit dare and doth; *They crucifie againe to themſelues the Sonne of God, and make a mocke of him.* To themſelues, not in himſelfe: that they cannot, it is no thanke to them; they would doe it. See and conſider, the notoriouſly-ſinfull conuerſations of thoſe, that ſhould be Chriſtians, offer violence vnto our glorified Sauiour, they ſtretch their hands to heauen, and pull him downe from his throne,

to

to his Crosse: they weare him with thornes, pearce him with nayles, load him with reproches. Thou hatest the Iewes, spittest at the name of *Iudas*, railest on *Pilate*, condemnest the cruel butchers of Christ; yet, thou canst blaspheme, and sweare him quite ouer, curse, swagger, lie, oppresse, boile with lust, scoffe, riot, and liuest like a debauched man; yea, like an humaine Beast; yea, like an vncleane Diuell. Cry *Hosanna* as long as thou wilt; thou art a *Pilate*, a Iew, a *Iudas*, an Executioner of the Lord of life; and so much greater shall thy iudgement be, by how much thy light and his glory, is more. Oh, beloued, is it not enough that he died once for vs? VVere those paines so light, that wee should euery day redouble them? Is this the entertainment that so

so gracious a Sauiour hath deserued of vs by dying? Is this the recompence of that infinite loue of his, that thou shouldest thus cruelly vexe and wound him with thy sinnes? Euery of our sinnes is a thorne, and nayle, and speare to him: while thou poure st down thy drunken caro xses, thou giuest thy Sauiour a potion of gall; while thou despisest his poore seruants, thou spittest on his face, while thou puttest on thy proud dresses, and liftest vp thy vaine heart with high conceites, thon settest a Crowne of thornes on his heade: while thou wringest and oppressest his poore children, thou whippest him, and drawest bloud of his hands & feet. Thou hypocrite, how darest thou offer to receiue the Sacrament of GOD, with that hand, which is

thus

thus imbrued with the bloud of him whome thou receiuest? In euery Ordinary, thy prophane tong walkes, in the disgrace of the religious and conscionable. Thou makest no scruple of thine owne sins, and scornest those that doe: Not to be wicked, is crime enough: heare him that saith, *Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?* *Saul* strikes at Damascus: Christ suffers in heauen. Thou strikest, Christ Iesus smarteth, and will reuenge. These are the (ὑστερηματα) afterings of Christs sufferings: in himselfe it is *finished*; in his members it is not, till the world be *finished*. We must toile, & grone, and bleed, that we may raigne, if he had not done so, *It had not beene finished*. This is our warfare, this is the region of our sorow and death. Now are we set vpon the sandie

paue-

pauement of our Theater, and are matched with all ſortes of euills; euill men, euill ſpirits, euill accidents; and (which are worſt) our owne euill heartes; tentations, croſſes, perſecutions, ſikneſſes, wants, infamies, death; all theſe muſt in our courſes, be incountered by the law of our profeſsion. What ſhould we doe but ſtriue & ſuffer, as our Generall hath done; that we may raigne as he doth, and once triumph in our *Conſummatum eſt*? God and his Angells ſit vpon the Scaffolds of heauen, and behold vs: our Crowne is ready; our day of deliuerance ſhall come; yea, our redemption is neare: when all teares ſhall be wipt from our eyes; and we that haue ſowne in teares, ſhall reape in ioy. In the mean time, let vs poſſeſſe our ſoules, not in pa-

tience onely, but in comfort: let vs adore and magnifie our Sauiour in his sufferings, and imitate him in our owne: our sorrowes shall haue an end; our ioyes shall not: our paines shall soone bee finished; our glory shall bee finished, but neuer ended.

Thus his sufferinges are finished; now together with them, *Mans saluation*. Who knowes not, that man had made himselfe a deepe debter, a bankrupt, an out-law to GOD? Our sinnes are our debts, & by sinnes, death. Now, in this word and act, our sinnes are discharged, death endured, & therefore we cleared: the debt is paid; the score is crossed, the Creditor satisfied, the Debters acquitted, and since there was no other quarrell saued: we are all sicke and that mortally: Sinne

is

is the disease of the soule: *Quot vitia, tot febres*, saith *Chrysostome*; so many sinnes, so many Feauers, and those pestilent. What wonder is it, that wee haue so much plague, while wee haue so much sinne? Our Sauiour is the Physitian? *The whole need not the Physitian, but the sicke*: wherein? *Hee healeth all our infirmities*: he healeth them after a miraculous manner; not by giuing vs receites, but by taking our receites for vs. A wonderfull Physition; a wonderfull course of cure One while he would cure vs by abstinence, our superfluity, by his forty dayes emptinesse: according to that old Rule; Hunger cures the diseases of Gluttony. Another while, by Exercise: *Hee went vpp. and downe from Citie to Citie, and in the day was preaching in the Temple, in the night,*

*praying in the Mount.* Then, by dyet; *Take, eate, this is my body*: and, *Let this cuppe paſſe.* After that yet, by ſweat; ſuch a ſweate as neuer was; a bloudy one: yet more by inciſion; they pearced his hands, feet, ſide: and yet againe by potion; a bitter potion of vineger and gall. And laſtly, which is both the ſtrangeſt, and ſtrongeſt receit of all, by dying: *Which dyed for vs; that whether we wake or ſleepe, wee ſhould liue together with him.* We need no more, we can go no further; there can bee no more phyſicke of this kind: there are cordials after theſe, of his Reſurrection and Aſcenſion; no more penall receites. By this bloud we haue redemption, *Epheſ.* 1.7. Iuſtification, *Rom.* 3.24. Reconciliation, *Coloſ.* 1.20. Sanctification, 1. *Pet.* 1.2. Entrance into glory, Heb. 10.19. Is

1. Theſ. 5, 10.

it

it not now finished? Woe were vs, if hee had left but one mite of satisfaction vpon our score, to be discharged by our soules: and woe bee to them that derogate from Christ, that they may charge themselues; that botch vp these al-sufficiently meritorious sufferinges of Christ, as imperfect with the superfluities of flesh and bloud. *Maledictus homo, qui spem ponit in homine.* We may not with patience see Christ wrongde by his false friendes: As that heroical *Luther* said in the like; *Cursed be the silence that here forbeareth.* To be short, here be two iniuries intollerable; both giue Christ the lie vpon his Crosse: *It is finished.* No, somewhat remaines: the fault is discharged, not the punishment. Of punishments, the eternall is quit, not the temporall. *It*

*Maled. Ille silentium, quod hic continuet.*

*is finiſhed by Chriſt*: No, there wants yet much; the ſatisfactions of Saints applyed by his Vicar; adde mens ſufferings to Chriſts, then the treaſure is full; till then, *It is not finiſhed*.

Two qualities ſtriue for the firſt place in theſe two opinions; Impietie and abſurdity; I know not whither to prefer. For impietie; here is GOD taxed of *iniuſtice, vnmerciſulneſſe, inſufficiencie, falſhood*. Of *iniuſtice*, that he forgiues a ſinne, and yet puniſhes for that which he hath forgiuen: *vnmercifulneſſe*, that hee forgiues not while he forgiues, but dooth it by halfes; *inſufficiencie*, that his raunſome muſt bee ſupplyed by men: *Falſhood*, in that hee ſayth, *It is finiſhed*, when it is not. For Abſurdity, how groſſe and monſtrous are theſe Poſitions?

that at once the ſame ſinne ſhould bee remitted and retained; that there ſhould bee a puniſhment, where there is no fault: that, what could ſtrike off our eternall puniſhment, did not wipe off the temporall; that hee which paid our pounds, ſticks at our farthings, that God will retain what man may diſcharge, that it is, and is not finiſhed.

If there bee any opinions, whoſe mention confutes them, theſe are they. None can be more vaine, none had more neede of ſoliditie: for, this proppe beares vppe alone, the weight of all thoſe millions of Indulgences, which Rome creates and ſelles to the worlde. That Strumpet would well neere goe naked, if this were not. Theſe ſpirituall Treaſures, fetch in the Temporall: which

yet our reuerend and learned *Fulke*, iuſtly cals a moſt blaſphemous & beggerly principle: it bringes in whole cheſts, yea mines of gold, like the Popes Indies: and hath not ſo much as a ragge of prooſe to couer it, whether of Antiquity, of Reaſon, of Scripture. Not of Antiquity, for, theſe Iubilie Proclamations beganne but about three hundred yeares agoe. Not of Reaſon, how ſhould one meere man pay for another, diſpenſe with another, to another, by another? Not of Scripture, which hath flatly ſaid, *The bloud of Ieſus Chriſt his ſonne, purgeth vs from all ſinne:* and yet I remember, that acute *Sadeel* hath taught mee, that this practiſe is according to Scripture: what Scripture? *Hee caſt the money-changers out of the Temple, and ſaid; Yee haue made my houſe a denne*

*Negotiatores terræ ſunt ipſi Sacerdotes, qui vendunt orationes & miſſas*

of

*of thieues.* VVhich alſo *Ioachim*, their propheticall Abbot, well applies to this purpoſe. Some modeſt Doctors of Louan, would faine haue minced this Antichriſtian blaſphemie; who beganne to teach, that the paſsions of the Saints are not ſo by Indulgences applyed, that they become true ſatisfactions; but that they onely ſerue to moue God, by the ſight of them, to apply vnto vs Chriſtes ſatisfaction. But theſe meal-mouthed Diuines, were ſoon charmed; foure ſeuerall Popes (as their Cardinall confeſſeth) fell vpon the necke of them, and their opinion; *Leo* the tenth, *Pius* the fift, *Gregorie* the thirteenth, and *Clemens* the ſixt: and with their furious Bulles, bellow out threates againſt them, and toſſe them in the ayre for hereticks, and teach them, vpon paine

*pro denarijs: Facientes domum orationis, Apothecam negotiationis. In Reuel. l. 10. p. 5.*

*Bellar. l. 1. de Indulgent.*

paine of a Curſe, to ſpeake home with Bellarmine, *Paſsionibus ſanctorum expiari delicta*: and ſtraight, *Applicari nobis ſanctorum paſsiones ad redimendas pœnas, quas pro peccatis Deo debemus*: that by the ſufferinges of Saintes, our ſinnes are expiated; and that, by them applyed; wee are redeemed from thoſe puniſhmentes, which wee yet owe to God. Blaſphemy, worthy the tearing of garments: how is it finiſhed by Chriſt, if men muſt ſupply? Oh bleſſed Sauiour, was euery drop of thy bloud enough to redeeme a world, and doe we yet need the helpe of men? How art thou a perfect Sauiour, if our Brethren alſo muſt be our redeemers? Oh ye bleſſed Saints, how would you abhorre this ſacrilegious glory? and with thoſe holie Apoſtles, yea, that glorious Angell,

gell, ſay, *Vide ne feceris;* and with thoſe wiſe Virgins: *leſt there will not bee enough for vs, and you, goe to them that ſell, and buy for your ſelues.* For vs, we enuie not their multitude; Let them haue as many Sauiours as Saintes, and as many Saintes as men: wee know with *Ambroſe, Chriſti paſsio adiutore non eguit; Chriſts paſsion needes no helper*: and therefore, with that worthy Martyr, dare ſay, *None but Chriſt, none but Chriſt.* Let our ſoules die, if he cannot ſaue them; let them not feare their death or torment, if he haue finiſhed. Heare this, thou languiſhing and afflicted ſoule: There is not one of thy ſinnes, but it is paid for; not one of thy debtes in the ſcroll of God, but it is croſſed; not one farthing of all thine infinite ranſome is vnpaide. Alas, thy

ſinnes

ſinnes (thou ſaiſt) are euer before thee, and Gods indignation goes ſtill ouer thee; and thou goeſt mourning all the day long, and with that patterne of diſtreſſe, cryeſt out in the bitterneſſe of thy ſoule, *Ihaue ſinned, what ſhall I doe to thee, O thou preſeruer of men?* What ſhouldeſt thou doe? Turne, and belieue. Now thou art ſtung in thy conſcience with this fiery ſerpent, looke vp with the eies of faith to this brazen Serpent, Chriſt Ieſus, and be healed. Behold, his head is humbly bowed downe in a gratious reſpect to thee; his arms are ſtretched out louingly to embrace thee; yea, his pretious ſide is open to receiue thee, and his tong interpretes all theſe to thee for thine endleſſe comfort, *It is finiſhed*: there is no more accuſation, iudgement, death, hell for thee: all theſe are no

more to thee, then if they were not. *Who ſhall condemne? it is Chriſt which is dead.* I know, how ready euery man is, to reach foorth his hand to this dole of grace, and how angry to be beaten from this dore of mercy. We are all eaſily perſwaded to hope well, becauſe wee loue our ſelues well: which of all vs in this great congretion, takes exceptions to himſelfe, and thinks, I know there is no want in my Sauiour; there is want in me: Hee hath finiſhed, but I belieue not, I repent not. Euery preſumptuous and hard heart, ſo catches at Chriſt, as if he had finiſht for all, as if he had broken downe the gates of hell, and looſed the bands of death, and had made forgiueneſſe as common as life; *Proſperitas ſtultorum perdet eos*, ſaith wiſe Salomon; *Eaſe ſlayeth the fooliſh, and the proſpe-*

*prosperitie of fooles destroyeth them*; yea, the confidence of prosperity. Thou sayest, God is mercifull, thy Sauiour bounteous, his passion absolute: All these, and yet thou mayest bee condemned. Mercifull, not vniust; bountifull, not lauish; absolutely sufficient for all, not effectuall to all. Whatsoeuer God is, what art thou? Here is the doubt. thou sayest well; *Christ is the good Shepheard*. wherein? *Hee giues his life*, but for whome? *for his sheepe*. What is this to thee?? while thou art secure, prophane, impenitent, thou art a VVolfe, or a Goate: *My sheepe heare my voyce*: what is his voyce, but his preceptes? where is thine obedience to his commandements? If thou wilt not heare his law, neuer hearken to his gospel; here is no more mercy for thee, then if there

there were no Sauiour. He hath *finished*, for those in whome hee hath begunne. If thou haue no beginnings of grace as yet, hope not for euer finishing of saluation; *Come to me all yee that are heauie laden*, saith Christ: thou shalt get nothing, if thou come when he calls thee not. Thou art not called, and canst not be refreshed, vnlesse thou be laden, not with sin (this alone keepes thee away from God) but with conscience of sinne: *A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.* Is thy heart wounded with thy sin? doth griefe & hatred striue within thee, whether shal be more? are the desires of thy soule with God? doest thou long for holines, complaine of thy imperfections, struggle against thy corruptions? Thou art the man, feare not, *It is finished*: that law which thou

thou wouldeſt haue kept and couldeſt not; thy Sauiour could, and did keepe for thee, that ſaluation which thou couldeſt neuer worke out alone (alas poor impotent creatures, what can we doe towardes heauen without him, which cannot moue on earth but in him:) hee alone for thee hath finiſhed. Looke vp therefore boldly to the throne of GOD, and, vpon the truth of thy repentance and faith, know, that there is no quarrell againſt thee in heauen, nothing but peace and ioy: All is finiſhed: he would be ſpitted on, that hee might waſh thee, hee would bee couered with ſcornefull robes, that thy ſinnes might be couered: he would be whipped, that thy ſoule might not be ſcourged eternally: he would thirſt, that thy ſoule might be ſatisfied: he wonld

beare

beare all his Fathers wrath, that thou mighteſt beare none; hee would yeelde to death, that thou mighteſt neuer taſte of it: he would be in ſenſe for a time as forſaken of his father, that thou mighteſt be receiued for euer.

Now bid thy Soule returne to her reſt, and enioyne it *Dauids* taske. *Prayſe the Lord, O my ſoule*; and, *What ſhall I render to the Lord for all his benefites? I will take the cup of ſaluation, and call vpon the name of the Lord.* And, as rauiſht from thy ſelfe with the ſweet apprehenſion of this mercy, call all the other creatures to the fellowſhippe of this ioy, with that diuine *Eſay*: *Reioyce, O yee heauens, for the Lord hath done it, ſhowte yee lower partes of the earth, burſt forth into prayſes yee mountaines: for, the Lord hath redeemed Ia-*

*cob, and will be glorified in Israel.* And euen now, beginne that heauenlie Song, which shall neuer end with those glorified Saints; *Prayse and honour; and glory, and power, be to him that sitteth vpon the throne, and to the Lambe for euermore.*

Reuel. 5.

Thus, our speech of Christes *last wordes is finished.* His last act accompanied his wordes; our speech must follow it: let it not want your deuout & carefull attention; *Hee bowed and gaue vp the ghost.*

The Crosse was a slow death, & had more paine then speed; whence a second violence must dispatch the crucified; their bones must be broken, that their hearts might breake. Our Sauiour stayes not deaths leysure, but willingly and couragiously meetes him in the way, and like a Champion that scornes to be ouer-

ouercome, yea, knowes he cannot be, yeeldeth in the middest of his strength, that hee might by dying, vanquish death. *Hee bowed and gaue vp:* Not bowing, because hee had giuen vp, but because hee would. *Hee cried with a lowde voyce*, saith *Matthew*. Nature was strong, hee might haue liued; but *hee gaue vp the Ghost*, and would die, to shew himselfe Lord of life and Death. Oh wondrous example, hee that gaue life to his enemies, gaue vpp his owne: hee giues them to liue, that persecute and hate him; and himselfe will die the whiles, for those that hate him. *Hee bowed and gaue vp*: not they; they might crowne his head, they could not bow it: they might vexe his spirite; not take it away: they could not doe that without leaue; this they could

not doe, becauſe they had no leaue. Hee alone would bow his head, and giue vp his Ghoſt: *I haue power to lay downe my life:* Man gaue him not his life; man could not bereaue it. *No man takes it from me.* Alas, who could? The high-Prieſtes forces, when they came againſt him armed, he ſaid but, *I am he, they flee and fall backward.* How eaſie a breath diſperſt his enemies? whom he might as eaſily haue bidden the earth, yea, hell to ſwallow, or fire from heauen to deuoure. Who commaunded the Diuels and they obeyed: could not haue beene attached by men: he muſt giue not onely leaue, but power to apprehend himſelfe, elſe they had not liu'd to take him: hee is laide holde of; *Peter* fights: *Put vp* ſaith Chriſt, *Thinkeſt thou that I cannot pray to my Father, and hee*

*will giue mee more then* 12. *Legions of Angels?* VVhat an Army were here? more then threeſcore and twelue thouſand Angels, and euery Angell able to ſubdue a world of men: hee could, but would not be reſcued; hee is led by his owne power, not by his enemies; and ſtands now before *Pilate*, like the ſcorne of men; crowned, robbed, ſcourged, with an *Ecce homo*; *Yet thou couldeſt haue no power againſt me, vnleſſe it were giuen thee from aboue.*

Behold, he himſelfe muſt giue *Pilate* power againſt himſelfe, elſe hee could not be condemned: he will be condemned, lifted vp, nailed; yet no death without himſelfe. *Hee ſhall giue his ſoule an offering for ſinne. Eſay*, 53. 10. No action, that ſauours of conſtraint, can be meritorious, hee would deſerue, there-

*Quod emittitur voluntarium eſt: quod amittitur neceſſarium. Ambr.*

fore he would suffer and die. *Hee bowed his head, and gaue vp the Ghost*, O gracious and bountifull Sauiour, hee might haue kept his soule within his teeth, in spight of all the world, the weakenesse of God is stronger then men: and if he had but spoken the word, the heauens and earth should haue vanisht away before him: but he would not. Behold, when hee saw that impotent man could not take away his soule, he gaue it vp, and would die, that we might liue. See here a Sauiour, that can contemne his own life for ours: & cares not to be dissolued in himselfe, that we might be vnited to his Father. *Skinne for skinne*, saith the Diuell, *and all that hee hath, a man will giue for his life*. Loe here to proue Sathan a lyer, skin and life and all, hath Christ Iesus giuen for vs. We

are

are besotted with the earth, and make base shifts to liue; one with a maimed bodie, another with a periured soule, a third with a rotten name: and how many had rather neglect their soule, then their life, and will rather renounce and curse GOD, then die? It is a shame to tell; many of vs Christians dote vpon life, and tremble at death; and shew our selues fooles in our excesse of loue, Cowards in our feare. *Peter* denies Christ thrice, and forsweares him; *Marcellinus* twice casts graines of incense into the Idolles fire; *Ecebolius* turnes thrice; *Spira* reuolts and despaires: Oh let mee liue, saith the fearefull soule. Whither dost thou reserue thy selfe, thou weake and timorous Creature? or what wouldest thou doe with thy selfe? Thou hast

not thus learned Chriſt: hee dies voluntarily for thee, thou wilt not bee forced to die for him: hee gaue vp the Ghoſt for thee: thou wilt not let others take it from thee for him, thou wilt not let him take it for himſelfe.

VVhen I looke backe to the firſt Chriſtians, and compare their zealous contempt of death with our backewardneſſe: I am at once amaſed and aſhamed: I ſee there euen women (the feebler ſexe) running with their little ones in their armes, for the preferment of martyrdome, and ambitiouſly ſtriuing for the next blow. I ſee holy and tender virgins, chuſing rather a ſore and ſhamefull death, then honourable Eſpouſals. I heare the bleſſed Martyrs, intreating their Tyrants and tormentors for the honour of dying.

*Ignati-*

*Ignatius*, amongst the rest, fearing least the beastes will not deuoure him: and vowing the first violence to them, that he might bee dispatched. And, what lesse courage was there, in our memorable and glorious forefathers of the last of this age? and doe wee, their cold and feeble offspring, looke pale at the face of a faire and naturall death; abhorre the violent, though for Christ? Alas, how haue we gathered rust with our long peace? Our vnwillingnesse is from inconsideration, from distrust. Looke but vp to Christ Iesus vpon his Crosse, and see him bowing his head, and breathing out his soule, and these feares shall vanish: he died, and wouldest thou liue? he gaue vpp the Ghost, and wouldest thou keepe it? whome wouldest thou follow, if not thy Re-

*Quod si venire noluerint, ego vim faciam vt deuorer.*

Redeemer? If thou die not, if not willingly, thou goeſt contrary to him, and ſhalt neuer meete him. Though thou ſhouldeſt euery day die a death for him, thou couldeſt neuer requite his one death, and doeſt thou ſticke at one? Euery word hath his force, both to him & thee: hee died, which is Lord of life, and commander of death; thou art but a tenant of life, a ſubiect of death; And yet it was not a dying, but a giuing vp, not of a vaniſhing & aerie breath, but of a ſpirituall ſoule, which after ſeparation, hath an entire life in it ſelfe. *He gaue vpp the Ghoſt*: he died, that hath both ouercome and ſanctified, and ſweetned death. What feareſt thou? hee hath puld out the ſting and malignity of death: If thou bee a Chriſtian, carry it in thy boſome, it hurts thee not.

*Si per ſingulos dies pro eo morere-mur, qui nos dilexit, non ſic debitum exoluere-mus. Chryſoſt.*

Da-

Dareſt thou not truſt thy Redeemer? If hee had not dyed, death had beene a Tyrant, now hee is a ſlaue. *O Death where is thy ſting? O Graue where is thy victory?* Yet the Spirite of God ſaith not, he dyed, but *gaue vpp the Ghoſt.* The verie Heathen Poet ſaith: *Hee durſt not ſay, that a good man dies.* It is worth the noting (mee thinkes) that when Saint *Luke* would deſcribe to vs the death of *Ananias* and *Sapphira*, he ſayeth (ἐξέψυξε,) *hee expired*: but when Saint *Iohn* would deſcribe Chriſts death, hee ſaith, παρέδωκε τὸ πνεῦμα *hee gaue vp the Ghoſt*: how? how gaue hee it vpp, and whither? ſo, as after a ſort hee retained it: his ſoule parted from his body; his Godhead was neuer diſtracted eyther from ſoule or body: this vnion is not in nature, but in perſon. If the Act. 5. 5.

na-

natures of Chriſt could be diuided, each would haue his ſubſiſtence; ſo there ſhould be more perſons. God forbid, one of the natures therefore may haue a ſeparation in it ſelfe: the ſoule from the body: one nature cannot be ſeparate from other, or eyther nature from the perſon. If you cannot conceiue, wonder: the Sonne of GOD hath wedded vnto himſelfe our humanity, without all poſsibility of diuorce; the body hangs on the Croſſe, the ſoule is yeelded, the Godhead is euiternally vnited to them both; acknowledges, ſuſtaines them both. The ſoule in his agonie feeles not the preſence of the Godhead; the body vpon the Croſſe feeles not the preſence of the ſoule. Yet as the Fathers of Chalcedon ſay truely, (ἀδιαιρέτως, ἀχωρίστως,) indiuiſibly, inſe-

para-

parably is the Godhead, with both of theſe, ſtill and euer, one and the ſame perſon. The Paſſion of Chriſt (as *Auguſtine*) was the ſleepe of his Diuinity: ſo I may ſay: The death of Chriſt, was the ſleepe of his humanity. *If hee ſleepe, he ſhall doe well*, ſaid that Diſciple, of *Lazarus*. Death was too weake to diſſolue the eternall bonds of this heauenly coniunction. Let not vs Chriſtians go too much by ſenſe; wee may be firmely knit to God, & not feele it: thou canſt not hope to be ſo neare to thy God as Chriſt was, vnited perſonally: thou canſt not feare, that God ſhould ſeeme more abſent from thee, then hee did from his owne Sonne; yet was hee ſtill one with both body and ſoule, when they were diuided from themſelues: whē he was abſent to ſenſe; he was preſent

*Quantumcunque te deieceris, humilior non eris Chriſto. Hieron.*

ſent to faith; when abſent in viſi-on, yet in vnion one, and the ſame: ſo will hee be to thy ſoule, when it is at worſt. Hee is thine, and thou art his: if thy hold ſeeme looſened, his is not. When temptations will not let thee ſee him, hee ſees thee, and poſſeſſes thee; only belieue thou againſt ſenſe, aboue hope; & though he kill thee, yet truſt in him. Whither gaue hee it vp? Himſelfe expreſſes, *Father, into thy handes*, and, *This day thou ſhalt bee with mee in Paradiſe*. It is iuſtice to reſtore whence wee receiue; *Into thy hands*. He knew where it ſhould be both ſafe & happie: true, hee might bee bold (thou ſaiſt) as the Sonne with the father. The ſeruants haue done ſo; *Dauid* before him, *Steuen* after him. And leaſt wee ſhould not thinke it our common right; *Father* ſayth hee, *I*

*will*

*will that thoſe thou haſt giuen me, may be with me, euen where I am*: hee willes it, therefore it muſt bee. It is not preſumption, but faith, to charge God with thy ſpirite; neither can there euer bee any belieuing ſoule ſo meane, that hee ſhould refuſe it: all the feare is in thy ſelfe, how canſt thou truſt thy iewell with a ſtranger? What ſodaine familiarity is this? God hath beene with thee, and gone by thee; thou haſt not ſaluted him: and now in all the haſt, thou bequeatheſt thy ſoule to him. On what acquaintance? how deſperate is this careleſneſſe. If thou haue but a little money, whither thou keepe it, thou layeſt it vp in the Temple of truſt; or whether thou let it; thou art ſure of good aſſurance, ſound bonds; if but a litle land; how carefully doſt thou make firme con-

conueyances to thy desired heires? If goods, thy will hath taken secure order, who shall enioy them; wee need not teach you Citizẽs to make sure worke for your estates: if Children, thou dispossest of them in trades, with portions, onely of thy soule (which is thy self) thou knowest not what shall become. The world must haue it no more; thy selfe wouldst keepe it, but thou knowest thou canst not: Sathan would haue it; and thou knowest not whether hee shall: thou wouldest haue God haue it; and thou knowest not whether hee will; yea, thy heart is now ready with *Pharaoh* to say; *Who is the Lord?* O the fearefull and miserable estate of that man, that must part with his soule, hee knowes not whither: which, if thou wouldest auoide,

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(as this very warning shall iudge thee if thou doe not) be acquainted with GOD in thy life, that thou mayest make him the Gardian of thy soule in thy death. Giuen vp it must needs be; but to him that hath gouerned it: if thou haue giuen it to Sathan in thy life; how canst thou hope God will in thy death entertaine it? *Did you not hate mee, and expell me out of my fathers house; how then come yee to me now in this time of your tribulation*, said *Ieptha*, to the men of Gilead. No, no, eyther giue vp thy soule to God while hee calls for it in his word, in the prouocations of his loue, in his afflictions, in the holy motions of his spirit to thine: or else when thou wouldest giue it, hee will none of it, but as a Iudge to deliuer it to the Tormentor.

What ſhould God doe with an vncleane, drunken, prophane, proud, couetous ſoule? without holineſſe, it is no ſeeing of God: *Depart from me, yee wicked, I know yee not*; goe to the gods you haue ſerued. See how God is euen with men: they had in the time of the Goſpell, ſaide to the holy one of Iſrael, *Depart from vs*; now in the time of iudgement, hee ſayth to them; *Depart from me*, They would not know God when they might; now God will not know them, when they would.

Now therefore (beloued) if thou wouldeſt not haue God ſcorne the offer of thy death-bed, fit thy ſoule for him in thy health; furniſh it with grace, inure it to a ſweet conuerſation with the God of heauen: then mayeſt thou boldly giue it vpp, and he ſhall as graciouſly receiue it, yea

fetch it by his Angels to his glory.

*He gaue vp the Ghost.* Wee must doe as he did: not all with the same successe. *Giuing vp*, supposes a receiuing, a returning. This inmate that wee haue in our bosome, is sent to lodge here for a time; may not dwell here alwayes. The right of this tenure, is the Lords, not ours. As he said of the hatchet: *It is but lent*, it must be restored. It is ours to keepe, his to dispose and require. See and consider both our priuiledge and charge. It is not with vs as with brute Creatures: we haue a liuing ghost to informe vs, which yet is not ours, (and, alas, what is ours, if our soules bee not?) but must be giuen vp, to him that gaue it.

VVhy do we liue, as those that tooke no keepe of so glorious a

gueſt? as thoſe that ſhould neuer part with it, as thoſe that thinke it giuen them to ſpend, not to returne with a reckoning?

If thou hadſt no ſoule, if a mortall one, if thine owne, if neuer to bee required, how couldeſt thou liue but ſenſually? Oh remember but who thou art, what thou haſt, and whether thou muſt; and thou ſhalt liue like thy ſelfe, while thou art, and giue vpp thy ghoſt confidently, when thou ſhalt ceaſe to be. Neither is there here more certainety of our departure then comfort. Carry this with thee to thy deathbed, and ſee if it can refreſh thee, when all the worlde cannot giue thee one dramme of comfort. Our ſpirit is our deareſt riches: if wee ſhould loſe it, here were iuſt cauſe of griefe. Howle and lament, if thou

thinkeſt

thinkeſt thy ſoule periſheth: it is not forfeited, but ſurrendered. How ſafely doth our ſoule paſſe through the gates of death, without any impeachment, while it is in the hands of the Almighty? Woe were vs, if hee did not keepe it while we haue it; much more when wee reſtore it. Wee giue it vp to the ſame hands that created, infuſed, redeemed, renewed, that doe protect, preſerue, eſtabliſh, and will crowne it: *I know whome I haue beleeued, & am perſwaded that he is able to keep that, which I haue committed to him againſt that day.* O ſecure and happy eſtate of the godly: O bleſſed exchange of our condition: while our ſoule dwels in our breaſt, how is it ſubiect to infinite miſeries? diſtempred with paſsions, charged with ſinnes, vexed with tentations; aboue none

of theſe: how ſhould it bee otherwiſe? This is our pilgrimage; that our home: this our wilderneſſe, that our land of promiſe, this our bondage, that our kingdom: our impotency cauſeth this our ſorrow.

VVhen our ſoule is once giuen vpp, what euill ſhall reach vnto heauen; and wreſtle with the Almighty? Our loathnes to giue vpp, comes from our ignorance and infidelity. No man goes vnwillingly to a certain preferment, *I deſire to bee diſſolued*, ſaith *Paul*; *I haue ſerued thee, I haue beleeued thee, and now I come to thee*, ſaith *Luther*: The voices of Saintes, not of men. If thine heart can ſay thus, thou ſhalt not need to intreat with old *Hilarion*, *Egredere mea anima, egredere, quid times? Goe thy wayes forth my ſoule, go forth, what feareſt thou?* but it ſhall

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flie vpp alone cherefully from thee; and giue vp it ſelfe, into the armes of God, as a faithfull Creator, and Redeemer. This earth is not the element of thy ſoule, it is not where it ſhould bee: It ſhall bee no leſſe thine, when it is more the owners. Thinke now ſeriouſly of this point; Gods Angell is abroade, and ſtrikes on all ſides? wee know not which of our turnes ſhall be the next: we are ſure, we carry deaths enough within vs. If we be readie, our day cannot come too ſoone. Stir vp thy ſoule to an heauenly cherefulneſſe, like thy Sauiour: Know but whither thou art going; & thou canſt not but with diuine *Paul*, ſay from our Sauiours mouth, euen in this ſenſe: *It is a more bleſſed thing to giue, then to receiue* God cannot abide an vnwilling gueſt: giue vp that ſpirit to

Vt e contra: *Nullam animam recipio quæ me nolente ſeperatur à corpore. Hieron.*

to him, which hee hath giuen thee, and he will both receiue what thou giueſt, and giue it thee againe with that glory and happineſſe, which can neuer be conceiued, and ſhall neuer bee ended. Euen ſo Lord Ieſus, Come quicklie.

*Gloria in excelſis*
*DEO.*

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# AN HOLY PANEGYRICK.

A Sermon Preached at Paules Crosse *vpon the anniuersarie* Solemnitie of the happie Inauguration *of our Dread Soueraigne Lord King* JAMES, Mar. 24. 1613.

By *I.H.* D.D.

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